

Press-Herald

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Proposition Z a Fraud

Proposition Z proved this week to be just what many Torrance observers had thought from the beginning — a taxpayer-financed scheme to carry out a recall action which its sponsors had neither the moral fiber nor the guts to propose honestly.

Introduced by Councilman David K. Lyman two days before the deadline for ballot measures, the proposal calls for a major reorganization of the city's government by taking the choice of mayor from the voters and handing it over to a City Council bloc.

What this could mean can be guessed at when one recalls that during discussion of this matter recently, George Vico, one of the Council's so-called "foolish four," said he made his decision and "if there were 50,000 people here, I wouldn't change."

Those who would like to reorganize Torrance's government structure to form one closer to their specifications picked a good front when they chose Lyman. In his years in Torrance Lyman has shown an unusual zeal for advocating reorganization — on all levels of government. During unsuccessful campaigns for the school board, state senate, and the city council, he has campaigned vigorously for reorganization — of the board of education, school libraries, planning commission — and now the City Council.

Much of the controversy now surrounding the City Council began with the proposal earlier this year that a large piece of property south of the Marble Estates and New Horizons be converted into cemetery use. Mayor Albert Isen spearheaded opposition to the plan and a campaign of vilification began almost immediately. He has claimed that the two are connected.

What began in September as an 11th hour move to change the city government because "it would strengthen the city manager form of government," has turned out to be a well-financed extension of the personal vilification of the person of Albert Isen.

In pursuit of the character slaying, Lyman resurrected some well-circulated tales about the mayor hoping apparently that the voters would become confused. It's always fun to catch public officials in less than cherubic poses, but in this instance, the shopworn rumors have absolutely nothing to do with the issue on the ballot.

One councilman — a self-proclaimed expert on political science — went so far as to equate the City Council with the House of Representatives this week, pointing out that the Congressmen choose their own speaker, and to the Assembly, pointing out that that body selects its own speaker.

What he should have known also as a political science expert is that the Senate president is elected by the voters in both the federal and state governments, thereby robbing him of a point . . . or maybe, two points, if you're keeping score.

Proposition Z next Tuesday is simple — despite the costly campaign which has been launched to throw a cloud over the real issue.

Should the people of Torrance have the right to select the man who will be their mayor, or should they hand the choice over to a City Council bloc?

That's all. It's not a referendum on the cemetery, nor rubbish dumps, nor on savings and loan investments nor even a vote for or against Mayor Isen. It is simply a matter of how the city's mayor is going to be selected. Will Torrance take a giant step back to the horse and buggy system it abandoned, or will it stay with the growing majority of American cities whose voters prefer to pick their own mayor.

Those who are putting up the money for this costly campaign to wrest the mayor selection right from the voters must feel that more is at stake in Proposition Z. Costly daily newspaper advertising and an expensive mail campaign have caused some to wonder who stands to benefit.

After all, it's an old philosopher's observation that there are no free lunches.

We Quote . . .

It is erroneous to assume farmers are making more money because some crop prices are higher; in most cases costs are outstripping income. — Carl Samuelson, Montalvo, president of Council of California Growers.

A good run is better than a bad stand. You might say I have a brave man's body but a coward's legs. — Andrew Williams, ex-slave on 112th birthday in San Francisco.

The misery of miseries is to seek a place in the social whirl out of relation to one's income. — James D. Coleburn in the Courier Record, Blackstone, Va.

Of course, I have an opinion on the governor race. If you don't have opinions you turn into a vegetable, and then you get into trouble with Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz. — Sen George Murphy.

The freedom to read or not to read, to speak or not to speak, and the courage

to do either is an important freedom. — Martha Boaz, American Library Association.

Folks who make use of their spare time have none to spare. — Fred W. Grown in the Bergen (N.J.) Citizen.

Morning Report:

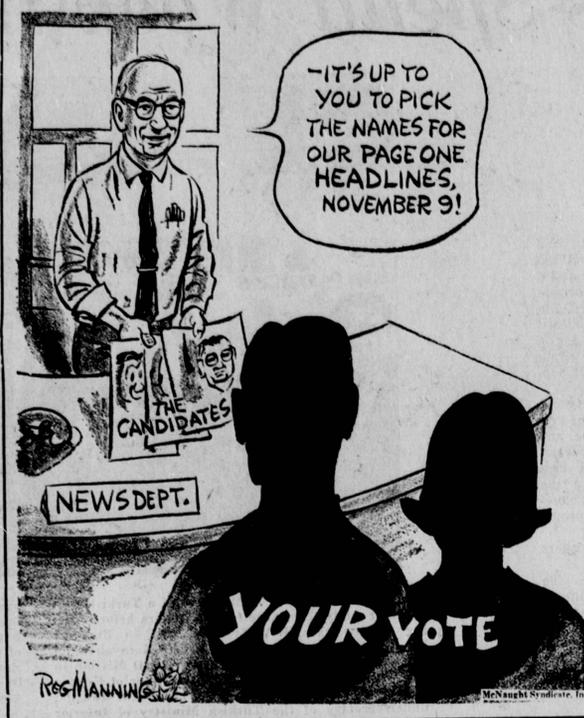
I wonder if the U.S. Supreme Court is getting a little chicken. The other day it held it's OK with them if we continue to throw drunks in the bucket.

This fellow who had only been arrested 37 times for getting plastered, felt the cops should put him in a hospital instead. He said he was sick. But just about every law-breaker is at least a little touched in some way. We taxpayers, however, find it cheaper, safer, and more comforting to jail law-breakers.

The Justices have been taking an awful beating lately for upsetting a lot of our cherished, if unconstitutional, customs. It used to be said the Supreme Court followed the election returns. Maybe also the public opinion polls.

Since that first personal

Be Our Guest Editor—



FROM THE MAILBOX

Schools Are Not Built For The Principal—Hull

Editor, Press-Herald

Schools are built by the people of the community for themselves. Schools are not for principals. They are not for teachers, and they are not for any other employee of the district.

People ask me, "How is your bond issue going?" It is not "my" bond issue; it is the community's bond issue — and it is to help keep Torrance school children properly housed. This school system was not built by me but by the people of Torrance for their children; the bonds are not for me but for the children of Torrance.

The bond issue is not for the board of education either. It is a step in the process of helping the schools maintain quality education for Torrance youngsters. The bonds are to be used to keep Torrance schools — our schools — from deteriorating, to get 829 children off double sessions, and to keep additional double sessions from being necessary.

A vote for school bonds is a vote for yourself. It is a vote for your hopes for the future. It is a vote for a better community.

Difficult as it may seem to understand, a vote for the bonds is a vote for lower taxes. This is good for people on fixed incomes because it provides the opportunity for new industry and new people who move into the community to help pay for the schools they will be using.

The Torrance school building program has been keeping up with growth for eighteen years, and there is no reason to believe Torrance will do anything but

grow for the next eighteen years. Sea breezes, climate, nearness to thousands of jobs, freeways, good city government, good schools, and people looking for all these things tell us bonds are going to be needed for many years to come.

One city with 3½ square miles has 80,000 people living there, and it is still building schools. Torrance with only 140,000 people has 20 square miles. Our population density is about 6,000 people per square mile; while the other city has 22,000 people per square mile. It would seem that the problem of needing classrooms will be with us for some time to come.

J. H. HULL

Editor, Press-Herald

Congratulations to you in your fight to keep the right of the people to elect their own mayor.

A certain daily that recently moved into town seems determined to destroy the present mayor by character assassination and innuendo.

As for C. Lyman, first he wants a raise then the right to elect the mayor. What next?

With the average age of local people 26 years old, what this town needs is plants and industry for the living and not a place to plant the dead.

R. B. RYAN
Torrance

Editor, Press-Herald:

The Torrance Mayor I know, will probably never be awarded an Oscar by his councilman colleagues . . . but as a resident of Torrance I feel he has one coming.

The hour was late, and we were driving back to Torrance from a Toastmaster Club meeting where the Mayor had just finished speaking on "Torrance, the All America City." At first I was slightly irritated by his insistence on showing me, a complete stranger, except for the meeting, the "thriving City of Torrance" . . . I wanted to get home!

To this day, I have always appreciated that "spontaneous" tour. Honestly! I have never seen a civic official more enthusiastic about a city before. I was shown newly widened residential streets, a new industrial complex, and a city hall that would complement any city.

Since that first personal

HERB CAEN SAYS:

This Lad's Not Only a Comer, He Has Arrived

Literary Lion: There he was in San Francisco, presiding over a booth at L'Etolle, hair shagger than any Beatie's, clothes under- ated, accent clipped. At age 34 or so, Derek Marlowe of London has jackpotted with his first book, an espionage thriller titled "A Dandy in Aspic," already in its fourth printing, already the recipient of the supreme accolade: "Soon to be made into a major film by Columbia Pictures!"

Alongside him, behind dark glasses, Arthur Cooper, who has a piece of the movie action. Marlowe, bitterly: "Already they want to change the title. To something like 'The Assassin' — to cash in on the Kennedy thing, do you suppose? I don't think they know what an aspice is at Columbia, the aspices." He picked at his sole in aspice, which was dandy. Answering a question: "No, I didn't research the book at all. I read le Carre's 'Spy Who Came in From the Cold' and went to work. Made up the whole thing. Must be authentic, though, because as soon as I got to New York somebody from the CIA wanted to talk to me about the plot" (it concerns an English agent, Alexander Everlin, who is actually a Russian named Krasnevin, planted in England as a boy by the wily Soviets).

"Anthony Mann will direct," said Cooper, "and Columbia wants Laurence Har-

vey or Christopher Plummer for the lead. We want somebody like Patrick McGovern," star of the late lamented "Secret Agent" TV series. "I wish Columbia would leave the artistic part to us and stick to the thing it knows best — selling popcorn," he grumbled. Marlowe talked about his London chums—Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Michael

San Francisco

Caine. "Carnaby Street is a fraud," he said. "You buy something there, two days later it falls apart. I went into a shop here on Market Street that is better than anything on Carnaby. Loaded up on sweaters, shirts, slacks, the lot." San Francisco? "I like it. Reminds me of Amsterdam, without the canals" (there's a new one). "I could have said Amsterdam without the dikes, but that's not true, is it?"

Perceptive fellow, Marlowe. He's going places. In fact, I think he has arrived.

Footnote: For those who feel they didn't get their quarter's worth today, here's our plan for a do-it-yourself car washer: Place a towel on the roof, put your oscillating garden hose on top of it, and stand back. And don't forget to close the windows.

Out of My Mind: About those envelopes (containing bills) that you can use for your payment if you open

them carefully enough and tear off the right part along the perforation and make sure that the firm name appears in the aperture and that you fold it properly so it overlaps the place where you're supposed to stick the stamp — what I say about those envelopes is, the heck with 'em . . . Add life darkest moments: Your annual physical checkup, at a cost to \$150 in tests, X-rays and consultations, discloses only that no matter how lousy you feel, it's all in your head . . . Another sign of the encroaching years: Whereas I used to get solicitation calls from scalp specialists, making pointed references to my receding hairline, I now get calls from toupee salesmen. But, as I always say, it's not what's on your head that counts, it's what's in it, and I have a very hairy brain. Fuzzier by the day.

Just Foolin' Around: Most of the people who deny there's an Establishment in S. F. are members of it . . . Two out of every three hypocrites who say "It's easy to criticize" are sore because they didn't think of the criticism first . . . And Mrs. Lamont Saxton, a serious student of newspaper clichés, wants to know why the National Guard is always "called up" whereas the Reserve is always "called out," and at the risk of being called down, I will confess I don't even know why loans are called in.

ROYCE BRIER

The Sino-Soviet Quarrel Is More Than Ideological

Evidence accumulates weekly that the schism between the Soviet Union and Red China is a quarrel over territory.

In the 1950s the empires themselves thought they were united in a world Communist movement, and they got this fundamental idea right out of Karl Marx, who insisted: (a) that the "working class" had an inviolable common interest against bourgeois capitalism; (b) that once the "working class" understood it, there could be no conflict, and in due time warfare would be abolished.

Yet here are two big empires, the two halves of the world Communist movement, in strife which does not differ materially from

that between Rome and Carthage 2,200 years ago. This strife was primarily over control of two vital Mediterranean territories, Sicily and Spain.

The modern empires, with their pledges of eternal friendship, had no trouble fooling Western statesmen, and many of these have remained fooled that the Communist movement is monolithic and indivisible.

World Affairs

What partly broke the spell, curiously, was the Viet Nam War. For two years Peking has become increasingly shrill in accusing Moscow of selling the Vietnamese down the river, finally of conspiring with the

United States to such an end.

Just recently Premier Kosygin, at a Soviet-Polish friendship meeting, angrily charged Red China has become a "serious obstacle" to overcoming American "imperialism" on the Asian mainland. Had there been a "joint rebuff," it would have been ended. But the Soviet Union is giving "considerable" assistance to North Viet Nam.

So you perceive both are helping Hanoi, but each charges the other with sabotaging victory.

The manifest reality is that both want control of old Indochina provided the American adventure there fails. Neither wants expansion of the other anywhere in southeast Asia, and Red China recently banned Russian overflights. Could it be enforced, it would cripple Russian supply of Hanoi, but in any case geography is working against the Russians.

World Affairs

The same rivalry between Russians and Chinese existed for some years in Indonesia, during the ascendancy of Sukarno. But here both apparently lost — without benefit of American intervention.

The great background quarrel between the two empires lies in northern Asia and along the Chinese frontier with the Soviet Union. It involves the Siberian land mass, including Outer Mongolia, ostensibly autonomous, but in reality a loosely-held protectorate of the Soviet Union.

Siberia has immense riches in potentially arable soil, timber, coal, oil and other minerals. Here geography works for the Russians, who have east-west communication and are just beginning to explore the wilderness. Further, they have industrial-technological facilities superior to the Chinese, for a program of, say, 50 years.

But the Chinese have an inhuman capacity for work, and the Russians are not overlooking any opportunity to thwart their expansion anywhere, or any addition to their strength. The three Punic Wars consumed 118 years and we have no way of knowing if the present conflict will be as protracted.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Derring-Do of Early Air Aces Earned Envy, Fame

(William Hogan is on vacation; this review is by Maitland Zane)

You've seen Snoopy perched on his doghouse (before it burned down), baring his teeth ferociously as he pursues the Red Baron.

You may also have made your way to the movies recently and encountered George Peppard, his chorus-boy features contorted into a killer's leer, squeezing off burst after burst from his Spaudaus in his obsession to win a "Blue Max." (This was the Kaiser's highest decoration, and for reasons best known to the Germans, it had a French name: Pour le Merite).

Now comes Ernest Gann, with his 11th novel, "In the Company of Eagles": a tale of an aerial duel between a German named Kupper and Chamay, a Frenchman who has vowed to kill him because Kupper shot down his best buddy.

The backdrop to Gann's always entertaining story is France's disastrous 1917 spring offensive, in which hundreds of thousands of

poilus were killed or wounded for a few worthless hectares of real estate.

For the foot soldiers the first war was unending torment — frostbite, rats, lice, tainted food, muck, the sight and stench of unburied corpses, the explosion of artillery, the criminal stupidity of the generals.

It is no wonder the wretches in the trenches en-

Books

ded the airman who slept between sheets well behind the lines, who had women and alcohol and hot food, and who died gallantly, going down in flames.

While the airman contributed practically nothing to the war effort — planes were useful mostly for visual and photographic reconnaissance, since bombing was in its infancy — the von Richthofens, Guynemers, Rickenbackers and Goerlings (yes, Hermann Goering, the top Nazi) made excellent propaganda heroes.

The heroes, like the Red Baron with his 80 "victories" were worshipped as knights of old, except that

their steeds were Albatrosses, Sopwiths, Spads, Nieuports, Fokkers, and their lists of honor were the clouds. Shooting down planes was a glorious new sport. Wings tended to fall off and there were no parachutes. It was a game played for keeps.

In the beginning, aerial combat consisted of firing one's pistol at the enemy, or dropping a brick on him. Then came single combat. By 1917, German strategy was to gang up on a single enemy. "The French planes were inferior, the English even worse, the majority of the pilots were clumsy amateurs and they were usually outnumbered. It was not much of a contest when six hawks leaped on one pigeon."

Gann is a romantic, despite such disenchanted remarks. He weakens his story with a happy ending in which the Frenchman chivalrously spares his enemy's life after Kupper's gun jams.

This is a book you give no fear about giving an impressionable boy for Christmas.